

# *Sketch*

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## Departure

Jean Spencer\*

\*Iowa State College

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appearance, her smooth lively line. She knew all the answers—Miss Smarty!

"Anne, there might be a dance Saturday night, if you'd care to go with me."

"There'll be one anyway."

"Well, do you think you'd care to go?" He was speculative.

"In desperation—possibly yes. I always hate to be one of the lost one thousand around the house on Saturday night."

Dennis drummed slightly on the table with his fingers; a tiny jaw muscle did a back flip.

"The bid's still open—do I hear it going?"

"I'm particular about whom I let wreck my shoes!"

"Well—can't say as I seem to be."

Ann searched his eyes, carefully, desperately for a fleeting instant before she said very softly, very sincerely, "Did I hear the hammer, Dennis?"

"If you're not deaf."

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## Departure

*Jean Spencer*

H. Ec. '39

Tomorrow I will leave these things I've known;  
This room with friendly dark about my bed,  
This house in which the three of us have grown  
And now must part for different homes instead.  
Tomorrow I'll remember what is past;  
Croquet balls on the black and level ground,  
The overhanging maples, shadows cast  
In pudgy figures, squatty, gnomelike, round.  
Or quiet of a summer evening—late,  
With glint of moon on shining cherry trees  
As grouped upon the grassy lawn we wait  
For hint of coolness in the hot, dry breeze.  
When I return I shall enjoy it best.  
If I may be myself—and not a guest.